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MARCH-APRIL · 1919

• THE • AMERICAN •
SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

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VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

BANKING DEPARTMENT



SCANDINAVIAN TRUST COMPANY

56 Broadway, New York

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK

Condensed Statement of Condition at the Close of Business, December Thirty-first, Nineteen Eighteen.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$24,633,112 66	Capital	\$1,000,000 00
Overdrafts	1,338 68	Surplus	1,500,000 00
Bonds and Securities	5,342,928 74	Undivided Profits	322,853 62
Cash on Hand and in Banks	4,570,023 20	Dividends Unpaid	100,000 00
Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable	90,725 02	Reserve for Unearned Interest, Taxes, &c.	291,303 44
Customers' Liabilities under Letters of Credit and Acceptances, &c.	291,620 00	Accrued Interest Payable	29,690 98
		Deposits	27,751,580 26
		Bills Payable with Federal Reserve Bank	2,225,000 00
		Rediscunts with Federal Reserve Bank	917,700 00
		U. S. Bonds Borrowed	500,000 00
		Letters of Credit and Acceptances	291,620 00
	\$34,929,748 30		\$34,929,748 30

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MARCH-APRIL NUMBER

Professor WILLIAM H. SCHOFIELD, of Harvard, has just been elected to serve a second term as president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. For the greater part of the past year he has devoted his time to the American Council on Education, which has greatly facilitated the coming of foreign students to the United States. His chief endeavor has been to perfect the establishment of an Institute of International Relations, and he has secured for this purpose the financial support of the Carnegie Foundation. The Institute will have to do with all educational questions involving international relations. Among its activities will be the translation of American biography and history. Dr. Schofield was a warm friend and admirer of Colonel Roosevelt.

ALLEN H. BENT is the author of a *Bibliography of the White Mountains* and a frequent contributor to *Appalachia*, the journal published by the Appalachian Mountain Club. He is chairman of the publishing committee of the club and was formerly its secretary. Mr. Bent contributed an article entitled "On the Trail in the White Mountains" to the REVIEW's Travel Number in 1918.

JOHN G. HOLME's pithy style may be recognized in the numerous clever articles on Scandinavia that have recently distinguished the *New York Evening Post*, ranging in subject matter from the most recent phase of the Slesvig problem to the saga tales of voyages to the Murman Coast. Mr. Holme is a member of the staff of the *Post*, is a contributor to various other magazines, and has promised the REVIEW an article on modern Icelandic literature. He is an Icelandic by birth.

JACOB VIDNES was until recently editor of *Social-Demokraten* in Christiania. OTTO JOHANSEN is a member of the staff of *Social-Demokraten* in Stockholm. They were both here with the delegation of twelve Scandinavian journalists who travelled through the East and Middle West as the guests of our Government. Their trip was under the auspices of the Scandinavian Bureau of the Committee on Public Information, Edwin Björkman director. While here they were widely entertained, and on January 3d were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the officers and trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at the Yale Club, where a number of American public men were present.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN's essay, "A Glimpse of Modern Danish Art," has been included in his book *Ten Years Near the German Frontier*, published by Doran in New York, and now fresh from the press.

Interest is added to VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON's tribute to Roosevelt by the fact that he is president of the Explorers' Club, of which Colonel Roosevelt was a member.

W. MORGENSTIERNE is Commercial Advisor to the Norwegian Legation. He was secretary of the Nansen Commission and as such closely associated with Dr. Nansen in all his work in Washington.

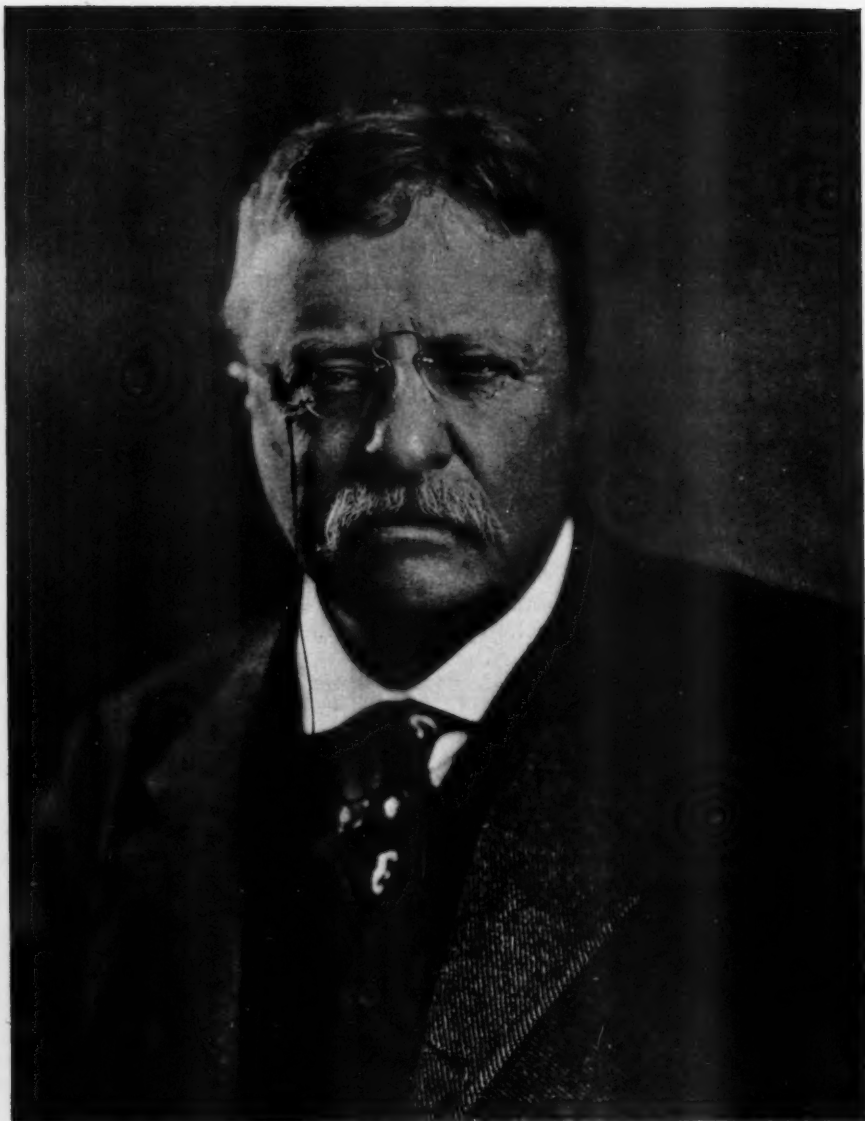


Photo by Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language. And we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

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NUMBER 2

Theodore Roosevelt

By WILLIAM H. SCHOFIELD

WITH fullness of feeling The American-Scandinavian Foundation joins all true American citizens in grief for the death of their twenty-ninth president—Theodore Roosevelt. The centre of a heroic family's love, a fount of fair friendship among comrades, a source of lofty inspiration to idealistic youth, a leader of the people in their doubting struggle for social justice, a successful quickener of the nation's conscience, a man of honest aim, a man of undaunted courage, a man of vast accomplishment, a zealous patriot, who heightened respect for America throughout the world—Theodore Roosevelt is gone.

In losing Theodore Roosevelt the Foundation has lost not only a friend but a prop. He believed in our work and eagerly encouraged us to pursue it, for he had deep sympathy with the Scandinavian races and a clear vision of the wisdom of knitting unbreakable bonds between them and the people of his own beloved land, which so many from the North have honored in their adoption.

We are unable at this time to display adequately the many-faceted crystal of Theodore Roosevelt's great personality. Later we shall not fail to emphasize his far-sighted views on complete Americanization as vitally important for the work the Foundation has specially set itself to do. We are now content to print a hitherto unpublished letter from him which indicates his acute perception of the difficult situation in which Scandinavians were placed during the Great War and suggests an enlightened way of handling their problem.

When, in the autumn of 1917, as President of the Foundation, I invited Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, and other Commissioners of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, to a dinner and conference at the Harvard Club, New York, I urged Mr. Roosevelt, an Associate of the Foundation, to be present. He replied with regret that he could not accept the invitation, but added that he should be glad to see all the Commis-

sioners if they cared to come informally and unofficially to Oyster Bay. They accepted the offer eagerly and, accompanied by Dr. Leach and myself, on the afternoon of Sunday, November 4, spent two delightful hours in friendly conversation in his library, during part of which he and Dr. Nansen, who had not met before, discussed their respective views of the River of Doubt, the North Pole, and other regions specially interesting to explorers. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt was asked to tell us what he thought of the immediate relations of America and Scandinavia, the matter uppermost in the minds of all his guests. Quick in response, evincing profound knowledge of the subject and sensitive understanding of the Scandinavian temperament, he explained his attitude frankly and so sympathetically that the hearts of his hearers filled with emotion. We of the Foundation then begged him to write down something of what he had just said. He protested that he was only a private citizen and that he thought it imprudent even to appear to meddle in the negotiations, but at last declared that if we really thought his opinions would have any value in helping to rivet the friendship of Americans and Scandinavians, he was willing to do as we desired. A few days later he handed to the Secretary the following statement in his own handwriting, with instructions to use it if we were confident that it would further the cause. In that case we were to have the letter typewritten and sent to him for his signature. It seems to us wise to publish it now. The war is over and we see somewhat more clearly. But Theodore Roosevelt can sign no more letters.

In his letter Theodore Roosevelt mentions Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, first among small nations, which, he declared, "are probably on the whole in more fundamental agreement with us socially, politically, and in the deeper relations of life, than any of the large continental powers." If he was right, ought not the fact to be emphasized at this juncture in our history, when Americans are considering new compacts of huge moment with sympathetic peoples?

As for the Foundation, in peace now as before in war, we follow you, Theodore Roosevelt, in your effort to make better understood here the small nations of Scandinavia, "of exceptionally high ethnic and cultural type" and, as you would wish, avow our "desire to help them so far as is compatible with serving this country."

Our gratitude—Mr. Greatheart!

An Unsigned Letter

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT seems to me that we should consider far more carefully than we have done, our duty in connection with the neutral nations in immediate proximity to the European combatants: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland. These are small

nations, of exceptionally high ethnic and cultural type. I believe that in their hearts they sympathize with us in this war. They are probably on the whole in more fundamental agreement with us, socially, politically, and in the deeper relations of life, than any of the larger continental powers. It would be a misfortune to mankind to have them crushed as Belgium has been crushed. It would be a misfortune to us and to them to make them feel that we have wantonly injured them.

I would very keenly regret to see them come into the war at this time. They would merely be beaten down by the ruthless military power of Germany, exactly as Roumania and Servia have been beaten down. There is no reason for supposing that the Allies could give them more effective support than they gave Servia or Roumania; and as yet we ourselves are helpless to give substantial military aid to anyone.

Therefore these nations must remain neutral. A year ago we were loudly demanding for neutrals improper privileges, so far as the Allies were concerned; and now we seem in danger of swinging to the exactly opposite extreme. We must do all the harm we can to Germany; but we should do to these neutrals the minimum harm absolutely necessary in order to do the maximum harm to Germany; and we ought not to inflict very great damage on them when the damage thereby inflicted on Germany is very slight; while we should do our very utmost to avoid driving them into Germany's arms.

Can we not adopt some such plan as the following. At once send to each country a couple of experts whose first loyalty shall be to the United States, but who shall feel a genuine good-will for the countries they visit, and a desire to help them so far as is compatible with serving this country. Let these experts find out just what goods these countries need for their own consumption, and just what they must give in exchange to Germany for the products which it is imperative that they shall have from Germany. Then arrange our embargo or blockade so that no unnecessary suffering to the neutral countries will be caused. That there will be some necessary suffering is inevitable—all mankind is now suffering. But let us be reasonably sure that we cause the minimum damage to these neutral nations, that we cause only the damage imperatively necessary in order to hurt Germany, and that if in any case the damage to Germany would not be very great and evident, we consider carefully whether the gain by inflicting it may not be offset by the suffering of the neutral powers and the deep sense of injury thereby created. In some cases one, in other cases the opposite, set of considerations must prevail. I only suggest that we hold it above as the general ideal, applying it to the various cases as the varying conditions may determine.

The Coast of Maine

By ALLEN H. BENT

Photographs by the Author

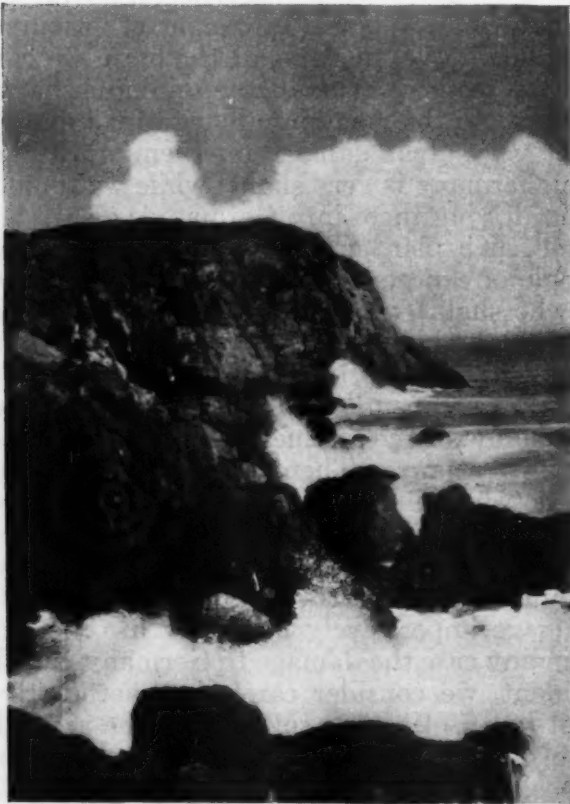
WHEN the first breath of summer reaches the cities, those who love the open hear either the voice of the mountains or that of the sea, "each a mighty voice." From each comes the call to blue skies, pure air, and the far horizon, a call that will make him who has ears to hear forget strife and troubles and doubts for a while. If it were possible to seek out the real wilderness, it would make little difference whether we heeded the one voice or the other, but in regions where human beings have settled, the sea has one advantage, which every mountain lover who has seen the ravages of fire and axe willingly admits: there are no scars on the face of the ocean.

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore."

Mountains and sea are blended in the scenery of the three hundred and sixty-five or more islands on the coast of Maine. First visited by the old Norse rovers and then by the Breton fishermen, they were made known to the world by two interesting characters, one from either side of the British Channel, a little over three hundred years ago, and they have been rediscovered every year since.

Captain John Smith, dear to young readers and many older ones for his romantic career, particularly for the Pocahontas episode, is generally associated with Virginia, but he was also the first to discover the beauties of the southwestern half of the Maine coast and



BLACKHEAD ON MONHEGAN ISLAND—ONE OF THE
"REMARKABLEST ISLES FOR LANDMARKS ON
THE COAST."

the first to draw a map of it. In 1614 he explored the shores of what was then known as North Virginia, but which he called New England, a name that has stuck, as have many others given by him.

In *A Description of New England*, printed in London in 1616, Smith wrote: "I have seen at least 40 severall habitations on the Sea Coast, and found about 25 excellent good Harbours. . . . and more than 200 Isles. From Penobscot to Sagadahock this Coast is all Mountainous and Isles of huge Rocks, but overgrown with all sorts of good woodes for building houses, boats, barks, or shippes; with an incredible abundance of most sorts of fish, much fowle, and sundry sorts of good fruites for man's use. . . . The Salvages compare their store in the Sea to the haire of their heads; and surely there are an incredible abundance upon this Coast. . . . The most Northern part I was at was the Bay of Penobscot, which is East and West, North and South, more than ten leagues."

In Smith's day and long afterward, the Penobscot was not only the dividing line between two hostile tribes of Indians, but the limit of English dominions. Beyond lay the Acadie of the French. Other lands other lords.

The northeastern half of the Maine coast was put on the map by Champlain. Ten years before Smith's voyage he had visited Nova Scotia, discovered and named the St. John River, and cruised as far south as the mouth of the Penobscot, which he, too, entered.

On the way he discovered "an island four or five leagues long . . . very high and notched in places, so that there is the appearance to one at sea, as of seven or eight mountains extending along near each other. The summit of most of them is destitute of trees. . . . I named it Isle des Monts Dèserts." And Mount Desert it has remained ever since.

Under ordinary summer conditions, it is not necessary to face a rough sea voyage in order to reach the Isles of Maine. A short night's journey from Boston brings one in the early hours of the morning to the mouth of the Kennebec or the Penobscot, where trans-shipment is necessary.

In July and August, unfortunately, there are often fogs in big chunks that seem to cover the whole world for three or four days at a time. With tantalizing perverseness, September and October, when everyone has hurried back to his labors, are generally clear. Yet there are varieties and degrees even in fogs. There are thick fogs and thin fogs, wet fogs and dry fogs—yes, this is literally true; some fogs cover everything with moisture, and some leave never a trace. Sometimes the fog is even an added charm. At night a brilliantly lighted steamboat slowly emerging out of the fog and then fading away into darkness is a somewhat unearthly, but nevertheless a beautiful sight; and there are occasionally interesting



SEA-GULLS LINED UP ON THE FISH WHARF AT MANSET ON MOUNT DESERT ISLAND. GULLS ALWAYS FACE THE WIND, AND MANY A PRAYER HAS BEEN OFFERED THAT THEY WOULD TURN FROM THE STORMY EAST TO THE FAIR-WEATHER WEST.

pictures framed by the mist during the day. These, of course, appear only in a light fog. In a thick fog, the only thing to do is to surround oneself with good books and other friends and hope for the best. The sea-gulls perched in long rows on the tops of the fish-houses and other convenient vantage points always face the wind to avoid having their feathers ruffled, and many an evening prayer has been offered that the gulls would turn during the night from the stormy and foggy east to the fair-weather west.

Perhaps the fog was given to the Maine coast to prevent its lovers from becoming too boastful, or possibly, just as the midge, the black-fly, and the mosquito defend the northern woods "from bold intrusion of the travelling crowd," the fog keeps away the undesirable, that is the impatient, and thus acts as a selective.

Most of the Maine islands, as in the days of Champlain and Smith, are more than half covered with a dense growth of evergreen trees coming down to the high-water mark, so it appears that the coniferae at least thrive on fog.

Each of the outer islands has its lighthouse to encourage the traveller, for there is something cheering about these guardians of our rock-bound coast. It used to be a pleasure to call on the light-keeper, but this is no longer allowed, and the government even goes so far as to make it a criminal offence to trespass on the grounds, so their trimness has to be admired from a distance. For the traveller's further protection, each hidden ledge has a projecting spar buoy, with a gull pretty sure to be perched on it looking for fish.

Of all the delightful spots on the Maine coast, none is more

enchanting than Monhegan, reached by a boat journey of three hours from either Boothbay Harbor or Thomaston. This lonely isle, only a mile and a half long, has some of the finest cliffs on the coast, and as they stand well out into the ocean, the surf has a chance to display its power and magnificence. Captain John Smith anchored here, in 1614, in the little harbor between this and the still smaller isle Manana, or Monanis, as he named it. It was he who bestowed its name upon Monhegan too; for he writes about "Monahigan, a round high isle," which he classes with Mattinack and Metinicus (to use his spelling) as "the remarkeablest Isles for Landmarkes on the coast." It was undoubtedly here that he made his "Garden upon the top of a Rocky Isle in $43\frac{1}{2}$ (degrees of latitude), 4 leagues from the Main in May." It received a few settlers earlier than either Boston or Plymouth. Sullivan in his *History of Maine*, published in 1795, tells us that old chimneys and remains of houses could be seen there, though it was not at that time inhabited. As a summer home it is comparatively recent and unspoiled, a fact that gives it an added attraction for the artists. Nor do all the artists use a brush; for the finest photographic work I have ever seen was modestly exhibited there last summer. The names at such a place always give food for speculation. Lobster Cove and Duck Rocks are obvious, but what about that Spanish sounding Manana Island, or Squeaker Cove, or Deadman's Cove, with its pirate reminiscences. Does it not suggest Robert Louis Stevenson and *Treasure Island*, with the old buccaneer's song, "Fifteen men on the deadman's chest, Yo ho and a bottle of rum."

The journey to Monhegan from Thomaston is down the ever widening St. George River, where at low tide dozens of long-legged cranes are fishing, past the sardine canneries at Port Clyde, out among the rocky islets, and, finally, for a short distance, on the open sea. The boat-ride is part of the pleasure in visiting any of the islands.



THE LANDING AT MONHEGAN ISLAND, AN ENCHANTED SPOT ONLY A MILE AND A HALF LONG; IN THE BACKGROUND MANANA WITH ITS SPANISH-SOUNDING NAME.

Among the landmarks out at sea beyond Penobscot Bay one of the most prominent is Isle au Haut, about half way between the entrance to the bay and Mount Desert. This little island, still retaining its French name which has been maltreated by so many generations of American tongues, is about six miles long and two miles broad. It has but few summer visitors, for it does not possess a hotel, but there are fine cliffs and coves, a beautiful large pond, and what is locally called a mountain. A narrow waterway known as the Isle au Haut Thoroughfare divides it from the haven of rest on Kimball's Island, where a limited number of happy mortals every summer enjoy the simple life. Barely two miles long and half a mile wide, with only two houses, this tiny island is a little world by itself. Uncle Benny and his oxen make the reluctant soil pay toll to their efforts, while the sea adds its contributions more easily. A few paths meander through the woods with apparent aimlessness, but they are well worth following, for they lead us under trees draped with hanging moss, to fern-covered boulders of giant size hidden away in the recesses of the woods, and now and again they open on wonderful vistas of the sea and of the nearby islands. The little motor-boat which goes daily for the mail to Stonington on Deer Island six miles distant brings and carries away an occasional passenger, but the world seems very far off.

"A region of repose it seems

A place of slumber and of dreams."

By the "Thoroughfare" on Isle au Haut is a little shop, where fish hooks, cod line, tobacco, chocolate, and other necessities of life

can be purchased. Opposite is the barber, who also sells ice cream, and below is the little post office and a public library open two afternoons in the week. This comprises the business district. Three "Fords" on the island make it possible to indulge in a motor trip.

Very different is life in the big hotel on Islesboro at the entrance to



ON KIMBALL'S ISLAND, A TINY ISLET WITH ONLY TWO HOUSES. UNCLE BENNY AND HIS OXEN MAKE THE RELUCTANT SOIL PAY TOLL TO THEIR EFFORTS.



STAG COVE AND GREAT HEAD ON MOUNT DESERT, RENAMED BY ITS ADMIRERS MOUNT PARADISE.

Penobscot Bay, but this too is well worth a visit. To me it served as a foreground to a most gorgeous sunset with the purple hills of Camden as a background.

The focal centre of the Maine coast, however, is Champlain's "Isle of the Desert Mountains," where the rocky hills—not quite, but almost mountains—

come down to the shore. To its admirers it would seem more appropriately named paradise than desert, and in truth the first township on the island, incorporated in 1796, was called Eden. The atmosphere on Mount Desert is always invigorating, and beauty lies close at hand everywhere. The fir and spruce trees, the mountain blueberries and cranberries, bunchberries, and many other things remind one of New Hampshire, the sister state in the west. While most of the people who go to Mount Desert live on the water—the water is too cold to spend much time in it—the island has, fortunately, harbored a group of enthusiasts who have cut trails to all the hill-tops, some easy and gradual, others so steep that they make a mountaineer feel he is really doing something, but all interesting. The views from the summits on a clear



THE HARBOR OF CAMDEN, ONE OF THE QUIANT AND BEAUTIFUL TOWNS AWAITING THE VISITOR IN SEARCH OF QUIET.

day are among the most beautiful in New England. Whether to choose the hills or the ponds between them, the miniature fjord *Somes Sound*, which nearly bisects the island, or the open sea, is a matter that the individual must decide for himself.

The visitor is sure to see many things that will be new to him—codfish drying in the sun, fishing nets and lobster traps, schooners laden with lumber, lime, and granite; for these, as well as lobsters, cod, and sardines, are products of the Maine coast. Among the attractions last summer were three beautiful displays of *aurora borealis*, but unfortunately each was followed by bad weather. Will some expert in auroras tell us if that is the usual after effect?

The attractions are not confined to the islands. On the mainland, in the region of *Penobscot Bay*, is many a quaint and beautiful town awaiting the visitor in search of quiet—*Camden* with its lakes and hills, *Thomaston* with its dignified old houses and beautiful doorways, *Castine* with its wealth of historical associations, *Blue Hill* on its own lovely bay where many musicians have long had their summer homes, the towns of *Friendship* and *Hope* with their cheering names, and, farther south, *Bristol* and *Damariscotta*, *Wiscasset* and *Boothbay* in another region thickly set with lovely islands. One of the finest boat-rides to be had is down the *Damariscotta River* to *Christmas Cove*, around to *Boothbay Harbor*, into the winding passage between *Southport Island* and the mainland, and through the narrows to the *Kennebec River* and the shipbuilding city of *Bath*. But all the way from *Casco Bay* to *Quoddy Head* the islands are calling, calling to the great out-of-doors, to the life that sharpens the senses. Fortunate is he who loves the smell of balsam and pine, the taste of wild berries, the touch of rock and tree trunk, the sight of cloud, of cliff and sea, the voice of wind and wave. To him shall be given perpetual youth.



Photo by Harris and Ewing

VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON STANDING BETWEEN REAR-ADMIRAL PEARY TO THE LEFT AND GENERAL GREELY TO THE RIGHT. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN WASHINGTON AFTER STEFÁNSSON'S RETURN FROM HIS LAST TRIP.

Vilhjálmur Stefánsson

By JOHN G. HOLME

SCANDINAVIA, notably Norway, has always been the home of explorers. The deep fjords invited the Norse vikings to sea voyages, while the barren homeland offered but meagre rewards for their enterprises. With the vikings the sea was an honored profession which became the national trade of their descendants. Is there a port on the face of the globe into which a chip of Norway's famous "floating forest" has not drifted? It is only natural that such people should produce men who would venture into the remotest and most inaccessible corners of the earth, like Nansen and Amundsen. Of the same stock is Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, by birth a Canadian, by residence an American, and by parentage an Iclander. Although he is not yet forty, Stefánsson is to-day acknowledged as the foremost scientist-explorer of the world.

To adapt a well worn war phrase, Stefánsson has made the Arctic safe for exploration. Therein, undoubtedly, lies his chief claim to fame without in the least detracting from the value of his scientific labors. The heroes of science have perished by the score in the polar regions because they did not know as much about taking care

of themselves as they did about gathering scientific data. It remained for the Canadian-Icelander to rob the Arctic of its terrors, to upset most of the traditional methods of exploration, to improve upon the skill of the Eskimos in living off the land and the sea in places where everyone had taken it for granted that a white man could not survive unless he carried his provisions from civilization with him. Stefánsson is the first explorer to demonstrate that a white man can live for an indefinite period in the polar regions, explore, survey, map, and make other scientific observations at leisure, and forage for himself as he goes along.

It is not the purpose of this article to recount Stefánsson's deeds in the Far North, but to tell something of the man whom Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, calls one of the greatest explorers of all time. Outside of a skeletonized biography in *Who Is Who*, little or nothing has been written about the man himself. I therefore went to see Stefánsson at the Harvard Club in New York, where he makes his home when he is not living in an igloo, to ask him for his own saga up to the time he became famous.

I found him a modest, soft spoken person with the mild and unaffected manner often characteristic of men who have accomplished big things. There is a touch of the academician in his speech and gestures, and the only scars he bears of his battles with the North are patterns of furrows around the eyes such as you might find adding good humor to the countenance of any western rancher who has lived much in the open where the winds are never still. He is of good medium height with a well-knit frame and the fair complexion and light-colored hair characteristic of the Icelanders, perhaps the fairest of the Scandinavian peoples. He gives no such impression of dynamic force or physical vigor as his great fellow explorers, Amundsen, Shackleton, or Peary, when the North Pole discoverer was in his prime. Yet I believe that Stefánsson has commanded as large expeditions as any of these men, and he has undoubtedly tramped greater distances around the top of the earth than any other man. I wondered at first wherein lay his strength, and almost before I knew it I had my answer. In the course of our talk I thoughtlessly questioned the literalness of something he had said about his polar experiences. Well, I struck flint at once. He thought, of course, that I doubted his word, and I am glad he did. I caught a glimpse of his reserve strength when he was roiled, of the steel under the velvet.

Stefánsson belongs by right to the select Log Cabin class of famous men, now becoming almost as rare as Buffalo fur coats. He was born in 1879 in an immigrant's cabin on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, north of the Canadian city of that name. His parents were among the first Icelanders to venture from their native island to try their

fortunes in the New World. They moved in a prairie schooner across the line into what was then the territory of Dakota, when the future explorer was eighteen months old, and settled in a farming colony of Icelandic immigrants near the hamlet of Mountain, Pembina County. Here Stefánsson grew up on his father's farm, twenty miles from a railroad. The country was wild enough to harbor a few Indian bands, and every now and then the colony was stirred by reports of impending raids. Sitting Bull was still alive, and to the Icelanders he was sort of American troll, which never materialized, however, in their midst.

The environments of Stefánsson's early youth were those characteristic of a Western frontier community, bare in comfort, abounding in hard work, and almost stripped of cultural advantages, except such as may be found on the book-shelves of the most poverty-stricken Icelander, the saga classics, a few epic ballads-rímur—and, of course, the Icelandic poets. Does any nation owe as much to its classics and its poets as the Icelanders? Without the sagas to kindle their spiritual life, they would have reverted to semi-barbarism centuries ago. Stefánsson devoured his father's little library and the libraries of his neighbors, attended country school, worked on the farm and put in four summers as cow-puncher on the Dakota plains. He lost his father when he was fifteen, and the additional responsibilities thrown on his shoulders by this bereavement caused him to take a plunge into business the following year. He made a brave attempt to clean up a small fortune in hay. The farmers of the community had gone wheat-mad, he explained. They would raise nothing but wheat, and they gladly gave young Stefánsson liberal orders for hay to feed their horses and milch cows through the winter. Stefánsson hired men to put up enormous quantities of hay on the range adjoining the farm community, but before he could deliver a ton, North Dakota was swept by a blizzard that has never been equaled in the history of the Northwest. Not a wisp of hay could be delivered, and Stefánsson went broke.

Stefánsson considers his failure a narrow escape from a business career. But he had other escapes. The Log Cabin tradition almost pulled him into politics. The pulpit reached out and nearly collared him. Stefánsson dodged both callings. The inadequate country schools had not enriched his knowledge a great deal, but they had at least given him a thirst for education, and when he was eighteen he entered the preparatory department of the University of North Dakota. With a capital of \$57, his summer savings, and arrayed in a brand new suit of store clothes, which cost \$7, and a pair of \$1.35 shoes, he set off for the state metropolis of Grand Forks. That journey was a memorable event, for at eighteen he had never before ridden in a railroad train.

Stefánsson followed the example set by innumerable American youths, earning his living while securing an education. He did chores, chopped wood, tutored, taught country school, and stumped the state for Mr. Bryan and the Democratic ticket. He admits having been a star pupil in the preparatory department, but adds that his scholarship suffered in the University. He had now become acquainted with his academic surroundings, and his social instincts found interests outside of textbooks. These activities conflicted not so much with his studies as with the high standards set by a stern faculty as to the proper dignity of a student's conduct. For instance, the president of the university objected to Stefánsson's practice of reciting German for two football heroes in a class presided over by an amazingly absent-minded pundit, who never recognized any of his students. As leader of his dormitory group, his well meant efforts to acclimate a Harvard instructor to social customs west of the Mississippi were misunderstood. Demerits piled up against the future explorer, till finally, toward the end of his Junior year, the irate faculty expelled him. His fellow-students celebrated the occasion by giving him a mock funeral, and carted him off the campus in a public hearse, declaiming funeral orations over the "remains."

He then became a journalist, and ran a small daily paper in Grand Forks. Here is where politics almost changed the course of his life. A few months after being expelled from the University, he was nominated as state superintendent of schools on the Democratic ticket of North Dakota. He was getting ready for his campaign when his opponents discovered that he was too young to hold a state office. That settled Stefánsson in politics. He was not going to waste years in getting old enough to hold office. In the fall he entered the University of Iowa, where he graduated the following spring. In the fall of 1903 he accepted a scholarship in the Harvard Divinity School, offered through his friend, Dr. Samuel Eliot, son of Harvard's famous president, but his interest had turned to science, and after a year spent in the Divinity School he entered the Harvard Graduate School as student of anthropology, winning the Thaw fellowship in that subject. In the summer of 1905 he visited Iceland, the home of his forefathers, on an archeological errand with an American scientist. They excavated an ancient graveyard dating from shortly after the year 1000 to about 1350, recovering eighty-six skeletons, and virtually establishing one important fact in human history, that the ancient Icelanders were free from the curse of toothache, having lived almost entirely on dairy products, meats, and fish, without any cereals whatsoever.

Stefánsson's career as an explorer dates from the following year, 1906, when he joined the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen Anglo-American Polar Expedition as an anthropologist. Leffingwell and Mikkelsen

proposed to sail around Alaska to study the Pacific side of the Polar regions. Stefánsson preferred a short cut across the continent to the Mackenzie delta, and induced Harvard and Toronto Universities to finance this trip. He traveled by Hudson Bay steamers down the Mackenzie, tramped part of the way, and arrived on the shores of the Arctic Ocean in a light overcoat and a blue serge suit. "And I knew just exactly what I was doing," said Stefánsson. "I was going to live with the Eskimos, learn their language, and study them; and I did. I could never have done it effectively by putting up my own quarters, dressing as a white man, and living like a white man. I got my furs, caught fish, and killed game, cooked it myself in the Eskimo huts, ate delicious meals whenever I was hungry, and stayed for eighteen months."

His second Arctic expedition kept him in the Far North for fifty-three months, from 1908 to 1912. This expedition was under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the Government of Canada. It was on this trip that Stefánsson found the blond Eskimos, showing unmistakable signs of European origin, and believed by many to be the remnant of the lost Norse colony of Greenland. In the course of this expedition Stefánsson added many new features to the map of northern Canada, exploring one river—the Horton—more than 500 miles in length. He commanded the Canadian expedition of 1913-1918, from which he has just returned, one of the most elaborately and expensively equipped polar expeditions ever undertaken. He explored and mapped about one-fourth of the 1,000,000 square miles of the hitherto unknown polar region of the western hemisphere, found new islands, corrected the outlines of others on the map, and established the nonexistence of one island, the discovery of which had been announced some years ago.

There remains but one thing more to tell of Stefánsson, and considering the fact that I have already stated that he is an Iclander, it seems almost superfluous to mention that he started out to be a poet. He contributed verse to the college literary monthly in his undergraduate days, and even achieved the distinction of having his translations of Icelandic poems published in an eastern magazine. I have read some of his verse written many years ago, and I can testify to its merit, but Stefánsson told me he stopped scribbling poetry because the product of his pen did not meet the standard he set himself.

As exemplified by his books on his explorations, Stefánsson writes well. His style is marked by clearness and precision. The muse beckoned, but that other passion in the Norse blood, the passion for ransacking distant shores, was stronger, calling a descendant of the old vikings from the far inland plains of North Dakota to explore the desolate Arctic.

Freedom the Bulwark Against Bolshevism

WHAT is the status of Bolshevism in Scandinavia? We know that the waves of revolution have been rolling in from Russia and Finland: will they engulf Scandinavia, too, or will they spend themselves in vain against the flexible institutions of the North? We know that freedom is the only bulwark against terrorism: is the ancient spirit of freedom alive and shaping modern conditions? How far have the people of Scandinavia realized by peaceful means the ideals for which less fortunate nations are rending themselves and bleeding to death?

We put these questions to representatives of the Swedish and Norwegian Socialist parties who last December visited this country. Their answers are given below.

Bolshevism on the Wane in Norway

By JACOB VIDNES

IDO not apprehend any danger of revolution in Norway, because we have perfect freedom, and in spite of a faulty electoral system, which will soon be changed, the will of the people can be enforced through parliamentary means. It is true that the "Bolsheviki" had a majority in the last national convention of the Socialist party—and I am not doing them an injustice by calling them Bolsheviki, for they themselves glory in the name and boast of their friendship with Lenine and Trotzky—but it is a curious fact that since they gained the ascendancy in the party they have not put forward a single revolutionary measure. This seems to show a lurking consciousness that the Norwegian people are not with them.

The movement began as a syndicalist agitation in the labor unions about eight or nine years ago. It was started by Martin Tranmael, a painter who had plied his trade in the United States and there come in contact with the I. W. W., and who still keeps in touch with extreme radicals all over the world. The syndicalists have not yet gained a majority of all the unions; for although certain large unions as, for instance, that of Unskilled Laborers, with a membership of 25,000, have declared in favor of them, this does not mean that all the members are syndicalists.

The new faction has gained more adherents among Socialists outside the ranks of labor. In 1906 they succeeded in putting an anti-militarist plank into the party platform, and in 1915 it was repeated in a more extreme form. So far we were with them; but in 1917 they strongly advocated a general military strike, and that we could not agree to. We are, of course, all anti-militarists, but we of the older ranks do not go so far as to favor absolute and complete

disarmament in every case. If, for instance, we had had to choose in the recent war between being overrun by one or the other belligerent or keeping up our defenses as well as we could, the syndicalists would have abandoned all defense and taken the consequences. This we would not do.

Since 1915 and especially since the Russian revolution in 1917, the new wing in the party has gained in numbers and its members have become more openly Bolshevik. The fundamental difference between them and us is that they want to dissolve the existing order of society, by any means whatsoever, even to establishing a dictatorship of the proletariat. They are not content with having the workers take over the means of production and manage industries co-operatively—to which we have no objection—but they would make their Workmen's Councils into governing bodies and would have no other government. This we can not agree to. We do not believe in tearing any one industry out of its relation to the whole community.

Some of the extremists would go even farther. They not only advocate a military strike, that is a general refusal to do military service backed up by a strike of all labor, but they would arm the workmen against the other classes. Their idea is to enforce a workmen's dictatorship as in Russia, where there is now in fact a dictatorship of the minority.

In spite of these extreme theories, our Bolsheviks were mildness itself before the election last autumn, and yet they did not succeed in electing a single one of their sympathizers to the Storting. In fact, the party as a whole lost one seat, whereas by all signs of natural development we should have gained. We have just gone through a period of great economic difficulties with high prices, insufficient means of regulating production and distribution, consequent suffering among the poor and luxury among the rich, together with a fabulous waste of money for military purposes. All this has naturally brought about great dissatisfaction and resentment among the common people, and we might have looked for a tremendous rallying round the banner of the party which has on its programme the most liberal appropriations for poor relief and the most consistent and thorough-going regulations for dividing the scanty store as fairly as possible. In the other neutral democracies, Sweden, Holland, and Denmark, we do find that the voting strength of Socialism has increased, while in Norway it has actually decreased for the first time in the history of the party.

Attempts have been made to explain it by two unpopular planks, prohibition and the abolition of religious instruction in the public schools, but our party has always had these two principles in its programme, and it was only logical to make them a part of the platform—although it is true that the offensive form given the latter

measure and the reputation of some of the Bolshevik leaders for enmity toward all religion may have had something to do with turning the voters away from them.

The real reason, however, is that the people have taken warning from Russia and have repudiated the "Red Terror." When our own Socialists, at the party convention last spring, committed the party to the military strike as a legitimate weapon, asserted the "right to revolution," advocated the "dictatorship of the working classes" and the establishments of Workmen's Councils—in short, all the things that we have learned to know under the name of Bolshevism—they laid the foundations for that defeat at the polls which our party suffered for the first time since it was organized.

My personal opinion is that the whole matter will have to be fought to a finish, and unless the older faction wins out, there is likely to be a break. The older Socialists will separate from the Bolsheviks. We shall never work together with the Radicals as the Socialists in Sweden co-operate with the Liberals. Our so-called Radicals under Gunnar Knudsen are a party of farmers without any understanding of the needs of the city population. They are in their essential attitude more reactionary than the Conservatives, who at least stand for individualism and for personal and intellectual freedom.

You ask what the principles of our party are. Some have already begun to be realized during the war. The State and the communes have taken over activities that used to be left to private competition. The State has become a merchant. In the future I believe a great deal of the business of production and distribution will be managed by the State and the communes, especially the latter, as they do not require so elaborate an administrative machinery as the State.

Hitherto our party has been concerned chiefly with the physical needs of the workers. This was inevitable, as we are primarily a party for the oppressed and exploited members of the community, but we know very well that man can not live by high wages and short hours alone. In the future we want the State far more than at present to support intellectual endeavor. The stipends now given out for literature, art, and science are pitifully small. It is true, you can not call forth a great artist by waving a wand, but you can at least keep him from starving to death before he becomes famous. This ought to be the care of the State, although the details of how it should be done have not yet been worked out. The State ought to do much more for general education, and in Norway we need especially to have the secondary schools democratized.

All this requires money, but if there is one thing this war has shown it is that when money is needed it will come. Who, for instance, could have dreamed that France could do what she has done? In our country, too, we have sufficient resources for our needs. If a

man has made two million, why should he not give one million to the State? Our business men have been heavily taxed for war measures, and we have many generous rich men who have paid without a murmur. All the world has paid for war; why should it not pay for culture?

The Triumph of Democracy in Sweden

By OTTO JOHANSEN

WE are in a fair way now to securing an absolutely just representation in the Riksdag. We have abolished what has been the most hated institution in Sweden, the system of graded voting by which a rich man and large taxpayer could have as many as forty votes in the elections for municipal and county bodies, while the poor man had only one. Since these bodies elect the members of the first chamber in the Riksdag, the chamber became in fact the tool of the wealthy. This iniquitous system has long been doomed, and last November the Government brought in a proposition to have the matter taken up for consideration immediately; curiously enough, a change in the communal suffrage does not require a constitutional amendment, and it could thus be treated by the extraordinary Riksdag, which was then in session. An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in Folkets Hus in Stockholm a few days later, and there Branting pledged the support of his party to the Government proposition.

According to cable dispatches, the measure has already been passed. The Government is now pledged to hold elections, so far as time permits, before the assembling of the regular Riksdag on January 15, and at this session the constitutional amendments necessary to a complete democratization will be considered. From *Social-Demokraten* of December 11, I learn that the various political parties have agreed on reforms along the following lines: First, votes for women on the same terms as for men; secondly, removal of the restrictions on universal suffrage that have hitherto been in force; thirdly, the reduction of the voting age to twenty-three years instead of, as now, twenty-four years. When these reforms have been adopted—as they will be within a month or two—Sweden will be, without a doubt, the most democratic country in the world. The minority rule from above will have been broken, and the ground will be removed from under the feet of any possible Bolshevik minority rule from below.

The truth is, the Conservatives no longer dared to oppose the will of the people; for they knew that if they did it would bring on revolution. It might be a very mild and orderly revolution, in accordance with the Swedish temperament, but nevertheless a revolu-

tion that would sweep away the first chamber, which has so long been an obstacle to progressive legislation. At the mass meeting in Folkets Hus, Branting said very plainly that if the first chamber would not yield to the demands of the people willingly, force would have to be used.

It was amusing to watch the attitude of the Conservative papers. At first they scoffed at Branting's "threats of revolution," but in two or three days the retreat had begun, and before the week was over it was in full swing. Shortly afterwards the Conservatives held a party meeting and decided not to oppose the Government proposition. They know very well that Branting utters no vain threats. He never says anything unless he has the force to back his words. He is the greatest power in Swedish political life to-day, most valued as a friend, most feared as an opponent.

There has been a weakening of Conservative opposition all along the line. The position against woman's suffrage was abandoned some time ago. The last stand will probably be on the disability clauses which deprive a man of his vote if he or his family has received poor relief within the last three years. But these, too, will assuredly have to go.

The reason for the sudden snapping of Conservative resistance is the German defeat. Our Conservatives have been bound up with Germany, and it is not too much to say that their position toward liberal legislation has fluctuated with the German fortunes. Not that any of our papers or our public men have been bought—it is not necessary to suppose any sordid motive of that kind; it is enough that their ideals and interests have been the same. Germany has been the last stronghold of conservatism in the North; our culture has been to a large extent Germanized, and our universities have been founded on German models. But a change has already set in. An increasing number of radicals at the universities are beginning to see that the German influence has been reactionary, and they are turning naturally to England and France. It is due first and foremost to Branting's far-sightedness that we are not involved with Germany in a political way—it would have been so easy—and the victory of the radical elements will emancipate our cultural life, as well.

The democratic reforms in Sweden so far have been due to the co-operation of the Majority Socialists and the Liberals. I am convinced that at any rate the more radical wing in the latter party would stand with us in any step necessary to enforce the will of the people, even to establishing a republic.

At present, however, it does not seem that any extreme measures will be necessary. There is, of course, always a strong sentiment for a republic, but the demand for it is less urgent now than in 1914. The King has shown himself alive to the forces that are stirring in

the people. He has worked extremely well with the present Government. When Branting had to resign for reasons of health the King took the unprecedented step of expressing his profound regret. Branting has recently advised against raising the issue of a republic at present, because the radical elements now have an asset in a sovereign who will aid in democratizing the country.

You ask how far the radicals are able to adhere to their original principles now that they come into power. There is always a natural tendency to compromise a little; it is easier to uphold pure principles while in opposition than when bearing the responsibilities of government. There has been a modification, and yet not a real modification. Our party is, in vital matters, true to its principles. We are working steadily toward the socialist ideal that the State should take over the means of production, and if we seem to move slowly sometimes, it is because there is in the Swedish nature an almost panicky fear of having to take a backward step.

I do not think our domestic Bolsheviki, the Left Socialists, have any real hold over the people. They have moreover been discredited by their alliance with the Russian Bolsheviki and the Reds in Finland. Our people want no "bayonetocracy"—a word borrowed from Russia and now generally applied to the Bolsheviki.

The Left Socialists claim former Mayor of Stockholm, Carl Lindhagen, who was recently elected to the first chamber from a district in Norrland that is generally regarded as the stronghold of our Bolsheviki. The truth is simply that he is so beloved for his work in solving the land question in Norrland that any candidate who claimed allegiance to him could be elected there. He really represents no one but Carl Lindhagen. He is certainly no terrorist, and I think he will soon break with the whole group. Even the Left Socialist-Anarchist leader, Ivan Oljelund, recently stood up and exhorted his fellows to throw away all the old weapons and abandon all militarism of classes as well as of nations. It was a speech animated by the finest spirit, and if that spirit prevails we need have no fear of Bolshevism.

Recent cable dispatches confirm in more detail the sweeping reforms already passed or pledged for passage in the present session of the Riksdag. The electorate for the second chamber is increased about twenty per cent. by the inclusion of those hitherto unqualified by having received poor relief or being liable for unpaid taxes. To this must, of course, be added all women. By the new order only those are excluded who are actually inmates of poor-houses, besides those temporarily bankrupt, and certain criminals. The right to vote is made purely personal, business firms and other associations being excluded. All plural voting is abolished.—ED.

A Glimpse of Modern Danish Art

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Part II

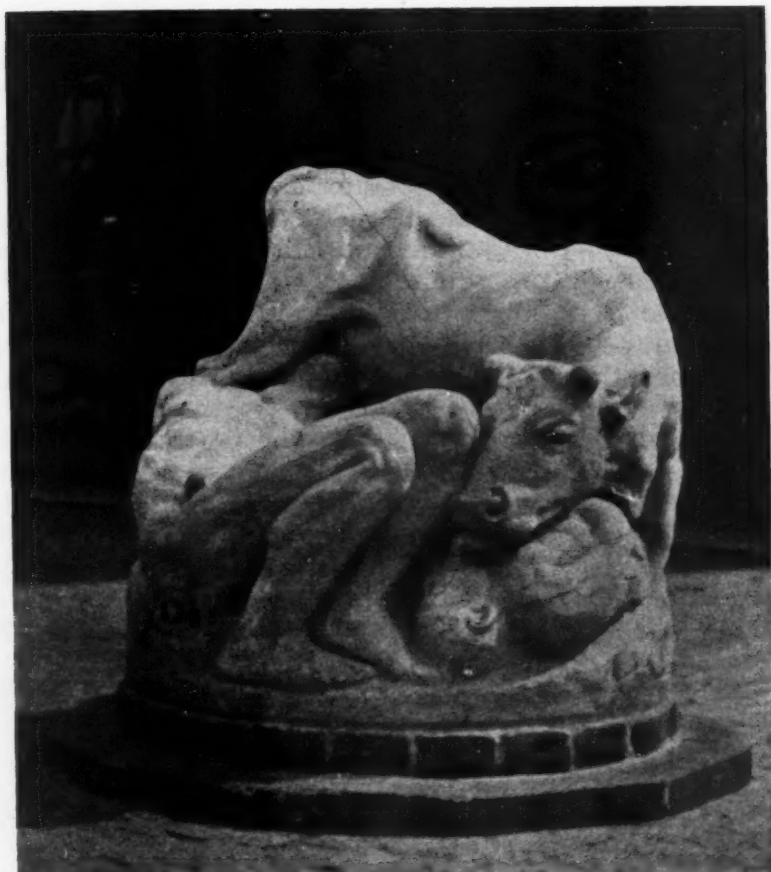
NIELS Skovgaard, brother of Joakim Skovgaard, is somewhat touched by his father's influence, which had evidently much to do in the development of his brother's tendency to mural art and in the choice of sacred subjects. He has painted some landscapes which are remarkable as showing the best qualities of the Danish art spirit. His view from *Our House at Nexø on a Summer Morning* is, in my opinion, one of these.

Agnes Slott-Möller, wife of Harald Slott-Möller, studied at the Women's School of Art and under the direction of Krøyer. She confines herself to historical subjects, and never goes outside of Denmark to find them. She has been compared in her technique to Alma-Tadema; but, with all due respect to certain critics, I should say that her quality is more lasting, because it is more restrained, less monotonous, and more sincere; she has little affinity with the very advanced school, but one finds in her pictures a deep feeling, a poetical quality, and the power of telling a story or suggesting the meaning of an episode without forcing it into the commonplace. Her *Queen Dagmar*, *Niels Ebbesen* and *Ebbe Skammelsen i Bryllups-gaarden* are examples of her best manner.

Kai Nielsen's bronzes are exquisite; they have all the qualities that make the Tanagra figurines so appealing, with something of their own—an agility, an action, a vividness—that forces us to look at them and never grow weary. Kai Nielsen, born in 1882, has a future that will dwarf even his successful present, his *Mylius Erichsen*, his *Brönlund and Hagen*, and his *Small Girl* are guarantees of this—not to mention the perfect little *Venus Kalipygos* now in this country.

In these glimpses of modern Danish Art, a place ought to be found to mention the name of Emil Hannover, director of the Art Industry Museum and of the Hirschsprung Collection. Hannover, born in 1864, is a learned, discriminating, and energetic critic and encourager of the arts; he is as tireless in the pursuit of the good as he is discriminating; he has only one defect, which he may remedy in time: he knows nothing of the progress of American art.

It would be interesting to write of the artists who are making the Royal Danish Porcelain and that of Bing and Gröndahl more artistic than ever. Arnold Krog, born 1856, of the Royal Porcelain Establishment, ranks as the first of them. The more recent addition to the force of the Royal Porcelain artists is the creator of *The Girl with the Mirror* and *The Princess on the Pea*. They are bizarre, but beautiful. Hennigen is, I think, the young man's name; but



Kai Nielsen, Sculptor

THE COW AUDHUMLA SUCKLING THE GIANT YMER

the world, after this war, will know it well; I can only speak of his works.

Of the Danish portrait painters, Julius Paulsen undoubtedly takes the highest place. He was born in 1860 in Odense. He is a pupil of the Danish Art Academy; he showed first in the Charlottenborg Exhibition of 1879, and was named Professor in the Art of Painting in 1908; he is connected with very important societies for the support of Danish art. Paulsen's portrait groups come very near to being masterpieces. His latest, a group made up of the members of the Danish ministry, is one of his best. The portraits of Erik Scavenius, the minister of foreign affairs, and of Edvard Brandes, are particularly good. One of his pictures, a scene in his studio, filled with an atmosphere of smoke from cigars and cigarettes, made the sensation of the year. His handling of the color of the atmosphere is as personal as that of Zahrtmann or Willumsen, but it is wholly

individual and shows, not only an unusual sense of value, but a quality expressible only in works which could not exist except through individual feeling coupled with the surest technique. His group of the artists Irminger, Schwartz, Tuxen, Zahrtmann, and Haslund was exhibited in 1902; his portrait of Fru Betty Hennings, the Danish creator of the Ibsen roles, is a good example of his manner of interpreting a rather difficult subject—difficult because Fru Betty Hennings has the mobility of countenance and changing expression which helped to make her art so admirable. There are those who look on it as an artistic crime to mention Paulsen in the same breath with Zorn or Sargent or even Laslo or Lavery; but these intolerants have scarcely studied the work of Julius Paulsen with open minds and clear-seeing eyes.

Lauritz Tuxen, who may be called the greatest of the modern historical painters, was born in 1853. He is, I believe, now in America. He was brought up in the traditions of the Danish Academy, and began his career as a landscape painter. In 1875 his view of *A Fisherboat in Rough Weather and a Stranded Ship on the West Coast of Jutland*, was painted; then he naturally turned to the usual *Suzanne in the Bath* and *Adam and Eve*, at which every Danish



OCTOBER NIGHT

Painting by Wilhelm Marstrand

painter or sculptor seems in the beginning to try his brush or chisel; but his undoubted talent for portraiture and his amazing skill in the grouping of living characters attracted serious attention.

The Danish Court until the death of King Edward VII of England was the meeting place of the royalties of Europe, and nearly all these royalties were connected in some way with the family of Denmark. Queen Louise, the wife of Christian IX—there is a legend that she was called by Bismarck the only man in Europe—loved above all things the solidarity of the family, and Christian IX was one with her in this. Tuxen, not through favoritism, but through his undoubted talent, became the painter of the royalties. His *King Christian IX and His Family*, *Queen Victoria and Her Family*, *The Bridal of the Duchess of York*, *The Bridal of the Empress of Russia*, *A Garden Party at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee*, *The Coronation of King Edward*, and the great group of royalties now in the castle of Frederiksborg are looked on by the Danes as the best representation of modern historical episodes connected with the history of their country. Tuxen's decorations on the ceiling of Frederiksborg Castle are among the few modern examples of Danish mural art. Tuxen has a marvelous gift of catching likenesses, and of presenting a certain dignity of pose—necessary to royalty when on exhibition—with a real simplicity of treatment. It would be regrettable if Tuxen were allowed to leave the United States without the opportunity of trying his hand at the making of a group of our statesmen or military men in this time of crisis.

A young American artist, who studied for a while in Copenhagen, and then became a pupil of Zorn in Sweden, Seymour Millais Stone, has some of the qualities of Tuxen in the art of catching the resemblance while retaining that inexpressible quality of illusion, that touch of romanticism, which makes portrait painters really great. Stone's success in painting noble and royal personages in Germany before the war did not serve him when he came to Copenhagen, where the feeling is very much for the Allies and where foreign painters are not encouraged until they make good. Stone's portrait of Admiral de Richelieu was well received; his portrait of the Vicomtesse de Faramonde and her son Aymric added to his reputation. In Sweden he painted the Crown Princess; it is sufficient to say that he has gained the approbation of Zorn, whose standards of judgment are as high as his power of achievement.

Bertha Wegmann, born in Switzerland of Danish parents, occupies a good place as a portrait painter. Her *Mother with a Child in the Garden* is in the National Gallery at Stockholm. Her portrait of Lange-Müller is in the Frederiksborg Museum and that of Professor Julius Thomsen at the University. Miss Wegmann, although she lives abroad very much, is held in affectionate esteem by her com-



Painting by Michael Ancher

WILL HE CLEAR THE POINT?

patriots, and it is the ambition of every Danish lady to be painted by her. One of the most satisfactory of her portraits is that of an unknown lady, now in the possession of Admiral de Richelieu and hung at his country place at Kokkedal.

There are two Tegn timers: Hans, Professor of Art, born in Copenhagen in 1853, and Rudolph Tegner, born in 1875. Hans Tegner is well known as the illustrator of the gala edition of *Holberg's Comedies* and of Hans Christian Andersen's stories. He has also had much to do with the exquisite decoration of the famous Bing and Gröndahl's porcelain.

Rudolph Tegner, the sculptor, occupies a position in Danish plastic art which is beyond destructive criticism. He spent several years in Paris and shows the influence of the more advanced of the French sculptors. In 1894 he created the usual *Adam and Eve*, and in 1896 his *Last Man* took such a grip on the imagination of Scandinavian art lovers that his reputation was made. One of the latest of his works is *A Group of Children*. The monument to Finsen, the creator of the Finsen Institute for the cure of skin diseases by the use of lights, has been the center of a tempest in a teapot; it is "too bold";

it is "too big"; it is not sufficiently "symbolical"; it is not sufficiently "delicate and illusive"; but Tegner is never delicate and illusive; he is perhaps a little materialistic; but no fair-minded person can deny his virile force or his power of expressing what he feels and sees.

It is impossible to speak of the two Skagen painters, Michael and Anna Ancher, without a certain tenderness. They are husband and wife; Michael Ancher was born in 1849, and consequently he is growing old, but his art shows no sign of age. His wife, who was born on the sea coast of Skagen, studied in 1889 in the school of Puvis de Chavannes, and was in the beginning very much under the French influence; but at present little of this remains but purity of line and careful use of color. She is as Danish as her husband and as "Skagenese"; her *Blind Woman*, *A Burial*, and *The Morning Breakfast Before the Hunt* are good examples of her work. Her husband, Michael Ancher, was born on the Island of Bornholm—celebrated in the novels of Andersen Nexö. He exhibited first—he had been a pupil of the Danish Academy—in 1874. He has medals from Paris, Berlin, Antwerp, and Budapest, and he received various honors and decorations. He is the painter of the people of that delightful and almost primitive sea place, Skagen; it has all the attractions—but of a different kind—that the forest of Fontainebleau had for the French art student and painter in the older days. It has given its name to a school.



PLUCKING GULLS.

Painting by Anna Ancher



Painting by P. S. Krøyer

HOLGER DRACHMANN AT SKAGEN

Skagen under whose spell even the King and Queen of Denmark have fallen, for there they go regularly every summer to live among the artists. From the surety of his little drawings in black and white—see the letters to his mother in the delightful Hirschsprung Collection in Copenhagen—to his masterpiece, *The Strand of Skagen by Moonlight*, in the same collection he shows how regular is his line of progress. The purity of atmosphere, the very spirit of a Danish evening, the figures of the artist and his wife, the moonlight painted, or rather existing by a magic of the painter's, the texture of the woman's robe—which one happily forgets until the eye, untired, and ingly looks for more details—could have been done by Krøyer lovnone else in the world; he died too soon and, like his Norwegian colleague, Fritz Thaulow, left not enough of his best.

The King and Queen and all the royalties always attend the gala opening of the exhibitions at Charlottenborg. The King, as a rule, buys the first picture, which remains on the wall until the exhibition closes. Royal patronage would not, in Denmark, secure the success of an artist, for the Danes are not snobbish in that way; but the present King and Queen are persons of taste; they know nearly every artist in Denmark personally, and are earnest in their appreciation. The spring and autumn exhibitions are not made the occasion of a mere display of clothes; art and the makers of art are the serious matters of the day. Last year the King bought a picture of a magnificent oak. It was by one of the less known Danish painters—I have lost the note of the artist's name—it is an excellent bit of work. To understand that art in Denmark is not exotic, it will help one to know that the servants at the American Legation—all Danish—

Anchor is never melodramatic or theatrical. He has sometimes been compared to the greatest of all the Danish lyrical painters, Krøyer; but no comparison could be more inefficient. Too much cannot be said of Krøyer's charm, clarity of vision, and power of transmuting nature into lyricism without the slightest taint of artificiality; but these qualities are not Anchor's.

The passing away of Krøyer—an artist never dies—left a blank in the Danish realm of art, and indeed in the whole world of art. His pictures attract, above all, the love one feels for a favorite lyrical poem. Krøyer, like Michael Ancher, is of the open air; he too loved

expect to receive tickets of admission to the exhibition, and they discuss the pictures as they talk of the local news. Your barber opens the usual tonsorial conversation with an allusion to Paulsen's or Kai Nielsen's last work. I know one barber whom the poor artists pay for a certain number of shaves in pictures, and who prefers them to cash. He is the official Legation barber, and dwells under the Phoenix Hotel. When the "free" exhibition was looked on as very "advanced" I re-

call a conversation as to the merits of one curious picture of a sea beach lighted by a strong red glare, on which a number of nude, sad, anemic ladies and gentlemen—it is only charitable to give them the benefit of the doubt—stood sadly. "It is not art, it is a disease," said the barber, and he is a good barber, too!

Danish art is decidedly worth consideration, both

from point of view of its fulfilment and its promise. For a time—a short time, in 1915-16—any artist might sell a picture at a dazzling price. The "Gulasch Baron," who answered to the "Shoddy" Lords of our Civil War, bought his pictures by the yard; it was a good thing for the artist, but perhaps a bad thing for art. Yet it is to the credit of Denmark that the first impulse of its citizens when they have a surplus is to buy works of art created by their own people.



Painting by Carl Wilhelmson
FISHERMEN

Some Tributes to Roosevelt

The most outstanding things about Colonel Roosevelt were his omnivorous appetite for every variety of illuminating fact and his indelible memory. Still, now that these have been mentioned, one recalls as equally striking his eternal boyishness and many another quality which others may possess but in which he excelled to the degree that made him, to those who knew him, the one marvelous man.

There was a striking difference in the effect of Roosevelt's genius and personality upon the amateur and the mediocre scientist on the one hand and upon the leaders of scientific thought on the other. I remember a young Ph.D. in geology from Yale sniffing contemptuously at Roosevelt's quoted opinion on a geological subject, and saying that "this politician seems to think he knows paleontology also—probably because both words begin with a p." And against that I have heard Professor Osborn, perhaps America's leading paleontologist, say he considered him one of the leaders in Natural History; and now the press quotes him as referring to Roosevelt's death as a great professional loss.

These contrary opinions of the Ph.D. and of the great paleontologist are not isolated instances, but typical. Men whose schoolboy themes never escaped the blue-pencil of the instructor and whose literary efforts in mature life dealt chiefly with the prices of articles by the dozen and the gross—these men sniffed at Colonel Roosevelt's literary taste and ability; but poets valued his judgment and he has had scarcely less influence upon our vocabularies than upon our social life and political institutions. The cub reporter made fun of him as a millionaire dilettante in social welfare work, but Jacob Riis said that he knew and understood the slums as few others did, and that few had done more for their improvement; his natural history was criticised by the daily papers but praised by Henry Fairfield Osborn, while Frank Chapman said he knew more about birds than any other man in America, and Carl Akeley admired his knowledge of the anatomy of animals and agreed with his opinions on the wild life of Africa. And as all these and many more specialists acknowledged Roosevelt as a master in their specialties, so can I, also, testify regarding two things of which I have knowledge through the accidents of birth and environment—Icelandic literature and Polar exploration. I have talked with no one whose knowledge was more sound or comprehensive in either department, and I never talked with any other one man who had a full grasp of both these subjects.

And not only was Colonel Roosevelt well informed on exploration. In his generation there remained undone in the tropics no larger or more difficult piece of pioneer work than the exploration of what is now the Rio Theodoro of Brazil, by the full delineation of which Colonel Roosevelt stamped his name indelibly on the map of our western hemisphere.

VILHLJÁMUR STEFÁNSSON.

New York, February 3, 1919.

* * *

You have asked me to give a brief estimate of Theodore Roosevelt from a Norwegian point of view.

It seems a difficult task to put into a short paragraph my thoughts about a life so rich and varied and inspiring. And it seems equally hard to trace in what respect that feeling of affection for the man and his memory which I share with others is due to the Norwegian in me.

But perhaps I may say this as coming from a nation often recognized for its democratic ideals: If democracy is something more than a pleasant phrase about the brotherhood of man and something more than a political theory; if it

implies a living reality; if more than anything else it is an *attitude of mind and heart*, a fountain of goodwill towards one's fellowbeings—then, surely, Theodore Roosevelt was pre-eminently a democrat in the widest sense. He mingled with men of all classes and occupations and established with them relations of good fellowship and mutual respect. In his dealings with individuals as well as in his public activities he applied the test of character and morality. And where is the hope for a lasting democracy but in this?

"To spend and be spent"—in a ceaseless effort to accomplish things, that was Theodore Roosevelt's way! And from the varied activities of his strenuous life shines forth clearly the purpose to make the world a better place to live in, to give to the many the opportunity of that joy in the wonders and richness of the earth which was his in such a large measure.

On more than one occasion he proved his interest in Norway and Norwegian history. He spoke with high praise of the loyalty and the citizenship of the Norwegian element in the United States. I can see him now in the Norwegian pavilion at San Francisco, in 1915, examining the model of one of those viking ships which first brought Norwegians to this continent and eagerly discoursing on Old Norse sagas!

And I shall always keep fresh in memory the scene in the Trophy Room at Sagamore Hill in November, 1917, with Fridtjof Nansen and members of the commissions from the Scandinavian countries, when Roosevelt stood before us, serious and forceful, talking to us lengthily.

In those days of difficulties and perplexities for our countries, his extraordinary broad and clear interpretation of our situation was an inspiration to us all.

Washington D. C., February 2, 1919.

W. MORGENSTIERNE

* * *

He strove steadily for the betterment of all he touched as Governor of the State that was his by birth and long ancestry, even as his father had striven in his day and in his sphere. He made enemies—God help the poor man who has none; but he kept his friends. When he was gone, a long while after, my way led me to Albany again. I had not cared much for it since he went. And I said so to a friend, an old State official who had seen many governors come and go. He laid his hand upon my arm. "Yes," he said, "we think so, many of us. The place seemed dreary when he was gone. But I know now that he left something behind that was worth our losing him to get. This past winter, for the first time, I heard the question spring up spontaneously, as it seemed, when a measure was up in the legislature: 'Is it right?' Not 'Is it expedient?' not 'How is it going to help me?' not 'What is it worth to the party?' Not any of these, but 'Is it right?' That is Roosevelt's legacy to Albany. And it was worth his coming and his going to have that."

So that was what we got out of his term as Governor—all of us, for the legacy is to the whole land, not only to my own State. As for him, all unconscious of it, he had been learning to be President, the while he taught us Henry Clay's lesson that there is one thing that is even better than to be President—namely, to be right.

JACOB A. RIIS in *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*.

Slesvig Forum

Aabenraa, November 18, 1918.

To the Danish Government:

On behalf of the Danes of North Slesvig, I have the honor to hand the Danish Government a resolution adopted at a meeting of their political organization, the North Slesvig Electoral Society, in Aabenraa, on November 17. I also append a communication from the Foreign Minister of the German Republic, the Government of which, acting in accordance with President Wilson's peace programme, admits our right to determine our own future fate on a basis of the self-determination of peoples. Referring to these documents, I would ask your Government to take the necessary steps, by presenting the case to the Allies, in order that the Danes of North Slesvig may have their rights recognized at the peace negotiations and thereby realize, in the near future, their ardent desire for a reunion with their old mother country, Denmark.

Respectfully,

(signed) H. P. HANSSEN, *Reichstag Deputy.*

Copenhagen, November 25, 1918.

To Reichstag Deputy H. P. Hanssen:

The Danish Government has received with heartfelt joy your letter of November 18 in which you present on behalf of the Danes in North Slesvig a resolution adopted at a meeting of their political organization, the North Slesvig Electoral Society, at Aabenraa, on November 17, to which furthermore you append a communication received from the Foreign Minister of the German Republic. Referring to this communication, you request that the Danish Government, by presenting the case to the Allies, take the steps necessary in order that the Danes of North Slesvig may have their rights recognized at the Peace Conference and thereby realize, in the near future, their ardent desire for a reunion with their old mother country, Denmark. The Danish Government did not deem it proper to come before the world with any statement regarding North Slesvig before the people of North Slesvig had themselves formulated their demands for a settlement of their future fate on a basis of the self-determination of peoples. But now that both the belligerents have expressed their acceptance of this principle, the Danish Government has taken counsel with the members of the Danish Rigsdag, who—in accordance with their previous declaration that the people of Denmark founded their hopes on a just application of the principle of nationality—adopted, at a joint session of both houses on October 23, a resolution which this Government has conveyed to the representatives here of the belligerent powers, and which we hereby request that you will communicate to the Danes of North Slesvig. The resolution reads as follows:

“After having heard the communication from the Government, the Rigsdag in joint session resolves: That the Policy of strict and impartial neutrality which has been approved by the Danish people be adhered to; that no other change in the present status of Slesvig would accord with the wishes, sentiments, and interests of the Danish people than that which is based on the principle of nationality; and that we desire to see the problem solved through a sympathetic application of the principles of nationality and the self-determination of peoples, in

such a manner that no injury and injustice be done to either side, as herein lies the only guarantee of the future safety of the reunion."

The Danish Government has learned with deepest satisfaction that the political organization of the North Slesvig people, the Electoral Society of North Slesvig, in its resolution of November 17, has expressed itself in favor of the solution which is in accordance with the wishes, sentiments, and interests of the Danish people as expressed by the members of the Rigsdag. The Government will now therefore present the case to the Governments of the Associated Powers in order to have the rights of the Danes of North Slesvig recognized, and will at the same time inform the Foreign Minister of the German Republic of the fact, referring to the Minister's communication to you. The Danish Government takes this opportunity to express its confident conviction that the ardent desire of all Danes for a reunion will thus be realized in the near future.

Respectfully,

(Signed) ERIK SCAVENIUS, *Foreign Minister.*

Never have we experienced anything to equal it (the great mass meeting at Aabenraa where the above resolution was adopted). It was North Slesvig's great day. From all over North Slesvig they came until the assemblage was like a vast sea of people. Joy and exultation at the approaching reunion with Denmark filled all hearts to overflowing. That which at first we hardly dared think of, which later we could only whisper, that we can now discuss openly before the whole world: when the forest is green again, at the very latest, we shall be politically as we are in reality a part of the Danish people.

Reichstag Deputy Hanssen Nörremölle, in his speech, first asked the audience to remember the six thousand North Slesvigers who had remained out there on the battlefield, and to whom our thoughts ought first of all to go. At that the whole audience rose. The speaker said with Terje Viken "Greatly have I lost and greatly won, and now I thank you God." He then went on to explain how the North Slesvigers would ask Denmark to act in their behalf at the Peace Conference and there seek a final solution of the problem. Deafening applause followed the speech, which closed with the words by Björnson: "All our fathers here have striven, And our mothers wept, Hath the Lord his guidance given, So our right we kept." . . .

A curious incident happened while Landtag Deputy Kloppenborg-Skrumsager was speaking. Three German soldiers made their way through the crowd, and one of them, an aviator, asked permission to speak as the representative of the Soldiers' Council in Kiel. He said: "I have organized a Soldiers' Council here in Aabenraa. When I heard that the Germans were thinking of interrupting your meeting, I flew to Kiel to talk with the new Governor, Reichstag Deputy Noske. He said to me, 'Let them hold their meeting. You are not to interfere with them even if they should hoist the Dannebrog.' (Cheers) I want to tell you that you will reach the goal you are headed for. (Thunderous cheers from the Danish audience.) And now I want you to sing one of your own songs." At that the audience went wild; some one started the song about Holger Danske, and it went through the hall like a tornado.

After *Dannevirke*, North Slesvig.

Editorial

SETTLEMENT FOR THE NORWEGIAN SHIPS The Shipping Board has agreed to pay at once the sum of \$11,000,000 to the owners of the Norwegian ships requisitioned in our yards at the beginning of the war. This payment represents the actual investment in contracts and materials and is made pending further negotiations. The Norwegian claims, based on the rise in value of the ships after the contracts were signed, aggregate almost five times that sum. It is high time some compromise were arrived at. The Norwegians made us their debtors by starting a ship-building programme before our Government had taken any steps in the matter, and their bottoms have been sailing for our Shipping Board for nearly two years. Moreover they need the money to pay for the ships they have contracted for in England to replace the tonnage lost in the service of our Allies during the war.

Sjöfartstidende in Christiania makes an interesting computation of Norway's contribution to winning the war. It is a well known fact that when the unlimited U-boat warfare went into effect, when other merchant marines were withdrawn from service, and ships were worth their weight in gold, the Norwegians never wavered for an instant, but went about their business of sailing the seas as if Germany had never mouthed a threat. Their known losses are 823 ships with an aggregate tonnage of 1,240,669 and 1,208 men. *Sjöfartstidende* estimates that counting those who have been *spurlos versenkt* and never heard from, Norway must have lost not less than 2,000 men. "For the sake of comparison it may be noted that the losses of the British merchant marine with a tonnage ten times as great as ours are given as 14,661 men. The percentage of losses in the Norwegian merchant marine is therefore greater than in any other merchant marine in the world, not excepting the British. The number of those killed constitute 5 per cent. of the entire seafaring class. A similar percentage of loss for the entire male population of the United States would mean about two million, for the male population of Great Britain and France one million each; whereas the losses actually sustained were for Great Britain 658,000, for the United States 60,000. Nothing could show more plainly that the Norwegian seamen have been in the war and have taken their share of the blows just as much as any one. As for the usefulness of our merchant marine in the war, it is difficult to give statistics, but it would seem that there have been times when one ton of shipping on the ocean was worth as much as one man on the battlefield. We have averaged not less than one million tons in the service of the Allies from the beginning of the war till its close; for although our losses brought the amount down in the latter part of the war, we

had much more than that in the earlier stages. It should be remembered also that when men fell it was possible to conscript others, but when ships were destroyed it was impossible to replace them at the time when the need was greatest. But even if we should count two tons of shipping as equal to one soldier, Norway's contribution would measure up to that of other countries of the same size where the whole nation has been at war. It is not too much to say that the transport service of the Norwegian ships, used to a great extent in the most dangerous zone, contributed to the outcome. Not least important was the fact that the American troops could be brought across so quickly because our ships released the British merchant marine for the transport of troops and war material."

SWEDEN

We summarize a private letter received from a PRO-AMERICAN Swedish official in whose judgment we have complete confidence: The American authorities have been very good to Sweden, and it has been possible to obtain large quantities of foodstuffs lately, which have been shipped to Sweden. The War Trade Board in good time before Christmas themselves offered to let certain appreciable quantities of pork, beef, condensed milk, dried fruit, coffee, cocoa, etc., be exported to Sweden, thereby showing their friendly sentiment to the Swedish people. Publication of these facts has been made in Sweden. The Swedish people know and understand that the American people and the American Government are their friends, and that only the hardest necessity has compelled the American Government to restrict export to Sweden during the war, and that the authorities do not want to hold back shipments of necessities to Sweden one day longer than is absolutely necessary. The Swedish authorities are much gratified. It is a source of great satisfaction that the sentiment in Sweden has changed so radically lately. The pro-German feeling is entirely gone and has been replaced by a very strong pro-American and pro-Wilson feeling. All quarters and all newspapers seem to take the same point of view.

FOOD FOR
FINLAND

When the first food ship left Sweden for Finland last November, Finns who saw it depart wept for joy. Conditions in Finland have been appalling. The scanty crops were trampled and burned by opposing armies; importation of grain ceased except for the small amount sent by the Germans, and for this they took their full toll in meat and butter from the herds which had already been despoiled by Russians and Red Guards. Even the usual importation of fish from Norway ceased under pressure from the Allies. This has now been resumed, and the Norwegians have pledged themselves to bring home in their ships American grain in exchange for that which the Swedes sent to relieve the

immediate want in Finland. The arrangement by which Finland is allowed to import 10,000 tons of grain per month until next August will keep famine from the door. It is not the least of Food Administrator Hoover's good works that he opened the door of relief for Finland.

The political situation is by no means settled. Certainly the German prince will never occupy the Czar's palace in Helsingfors which was scraped and renovated for him, and probably the Diet when it meets this month will proclaim a republic, but there are already rumblings of a new revolution. The choice of General Mannerheim as regent is fortunate because of his known pro-Ally sympathies, but does not tend to placate the defeated faction. An unceasing propaganda is, of course, going on from Bolshevik Russia. We may only hope that food, the great palliative, will help to keep the peace until time has healed the wounds of civil war.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT In the death of Ex-President Roosevelt, the night of January 5-6, Scandinavia lost a steadfast friend. Probably no president has better understood the temperament of the North, or read more of its literature from the Saga of Burnt Njal down to the present. My first introduction to him was when his son, Kermit Roosevelt, a boy at Groton School, recited from memory Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," declaring "my father taught me—he loves the Norse sagas." He no doubt found in the Scandinavian character, in its virile and democratic outlook upon life, much akin to his own nature. The Northern peoples, in their turn, admired him for his intrepid individualism and for his love of out-of-door life and exploring. In 1910 he visited the Scandinavian countries and received from the Norwegian Storting the Nobel Peace Prize. His address in Christiania at that time prefigured the conception of the League of Nations. The letter published in this issue of the REVIEW, entrusted to me by Colonel Roosevelt at the Harvard Club in November, 1917, at a period when our economic relations with the North were distraught, is a fitting valedictory to his life-long study and appreciation of the Scandinavian people.

H. G. L.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS Where do we stand? THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW stands four square behind President Wilson on all his fourteen points. If Mr. Wilson yields on any one of them, history will adjudge him only partly faithful to his trust. If our individual politics prevent us from supporting the person of Mr. Wilson, let us in all events insist upon a program which is not his invention but happily voices the inner desires of the American people and democratic peoples everywhere. A League of Nations may not at once become a perfect instrument, but it presents a

firmer foundation than any constructed hitherto in the world's history to insure international justice.

The League of Nations idea is sweeping the Scandinavian countries. From Norway we hear that Dr. Nansen has drawn up a plan; according to one paragraph of which "the ultimate goal of the League is the abolishment of war and the creation of institutions suited to maintain international co-operation. . . . All civilized nations have a right to become members of the League and to participate in the foundation and deliberations leading to the foundation." In Sweden the speech from the throne on January 11th declared: "I meet the Swedish Riksdag in the common hope that the longed-for peace will soon be concluded and a basis formed for a new order of justice between countries and for resumption of peaceful cultural work. . . . I have prepared for our taking part in work for a League of Nations and I hope Sweden will be able to contribute to the realization of this great international reform."

THE GOOD AND
BRAVE DIE YOUNG

Among the victims of the Spanish influenza in Copenhagen, October 14, was a young man of unusual vision and mental vigor from whom great deeds were expected in making better intellectual relations between Denmark and the United States. Johannes Michelsen, M.A., was only twenty-eight years old. His profession was that of a librarian, and he had been appointed Fellow of The American-Scandinavian Foundation for 1918-1919, to study library methods over here. The American Legation in Copenhagen, however, recognizing his power, were fortunate enough, instead, to acquire his services for the duration of the war. Better than any of the numerous press comments, we quote from a personal letter of a member of the Legation staff to an editor of the REVIEW: "My friend Michelsen has died. You cannot tell what we have lost—we whose thoughts dwelt so lovingly about his live, big-gauged spirit and who knew him from all sides, as we, in our littleness, supposed. And now he has left us—and the one side of him is still strange to us, for to us he was a spirit among the dead here on earth, a rejuvenation of the old race, and more than that, the symbol of the friendship of the future Denmark with the rest of the nations. . . . The Legation has lost a valuable connecting link with Denmark—and the Danish libraries have lost a man who had the practical tact and energy to reorganize them and infuse into them some of the life of our American institutions."

In Iceland the influenza has also wrought terrible havoc. Among the many who have been cut off in their prime was the author Gudmundur Magnússon, known by his pen-name John Trausti. A poet and novelist of note, he was also a magazine contributor on timely

topics. His article on "The Future of Iceland" in our first Icelandic Number was widely reprinted. The Editors of the REVIEW had learned to value his sane judgment, his generosity, and his readiness to adapt himself to a new circle of readers. He was learning to write English in order to send his contributions in that language. He had just been made Advisor of the REVIEW for Iceland when the news came of his death. Gudmundur Magnússon was born of poor parents on the northernmost farm in Iceland forty-five years ago. He learned the printer's trade, but used all his spare time for studying and writing. After publishing some poems and a drama, he surprised the reading public with a novel *Halla* which placed him at once in the front rank of Icelandic novelists. It was the first in a series depicting life in his home district forty years ago. Of late he devoted himself to the writing of fiction based on Icelandic history, which met with much success. His death is a serious loss to the literature of Iceland.

A FOUNDATION LIBRARY The signs seem to point toward the establishment in good time of a public reference library of Scandinavian books as part of the Information Bureau of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. Due to crowded office space, the Foundation has hitherto been able to keep on its shelves only such books as were absolutely essential, and has every year given away a considerable number of books and sent its files of Scandinavian periodicals to various institutions, including the New York Public Library. On October 9, however, the beginning of a permanent collection was made by Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York, who presented to the Foundation sixty-five Swedish books, chiefly belles lettres, from the library of his mother, the late Hilma Peterson Berg. Some of these books are of rare editions and handsomely bound in leather. One picks up seven volumes of Franzén's *Samlade Dikter*, Örebro, 1868, or a tiny book containing seven hundred Swedish songs; the poems of Hedvig Nordenflycht, published at Uppsala in 1852; the *Iduna Almanac* for 1858; sets of Rydberg, Bremer, Topelius, Nicander; *Sveriges Store Män*, with many engravings in two treasured volumes from 1849. Shelves have been built for these books in the executive office of the Foundation, which contains room for other collections that may be added to the Berg donation. There must be scores of private collections of Scandinavian books in various parts of this country which have outlived their former usefulness and could be put to permanent public purpose by the Foundation. May the idea so generously conceived by Dr. Peterson bear fruit!

Current Events

Sweden

¶ The severance of diplomatic relations between Sweden and Russia is regrettable because of the efforts that had been made in Sweden to build up fruitful commercial intercourse. The Government increased its diplomatic and consular representation during the war; private firms established Russian branches, and special attention was paid to learning the language and acquiring familiarity with the customs of the eastern neighbor—all with a view to after-war trade. Now all business interests have been abandoned in Russia, and Swedish citizens have been notified that their Government can not protect them if they remain in the country. The Swedish Legation left in December, and shortly afterwards the Bolshevik representative in Stockholm was denied the use of diplomatic privileges, as it was discovered that revolutionary literature in various languages had been smuggled into the country by diplomatic couriers. A plot to make Sweden the centre for a world propaganda of Bolshevism was discovered by the Government of Finland, when the Swedish steamer *Polhem* chartered by the Bolshevik representative in Stockholm was seized and was found to carry twenty-one agitators of different nationalities besides tons of propaganda literature. As a result, the Swedish Government asked the Soviet Government to recall its representative. ¶ The Swedish minister in Helsingfors has presented to the Finnish Government a verbal note with the request that a popular vote be taken in Åland to determine whether the islands are to remain with Finland or be returned to Sweden. The Finnish press is very bitter on the "annexation" plans of Sweden, though there is little doubt that on a principle of self-determination, Åland, with the possible exception of a few islands in the eastern part of the archipelago, would prefer to come under the rule of Sweden. It will be remembered that the people sent a deputation to King Gustaf with a petition asking that they might come into the kingdom. A society composed of citizens of Åland has been formed in Stockholm to work for reunion. ¶ The Nobel prize in physics for 1917 has been awarded to Professor Charles Glower Barkla of the University of Edinburgh for his researches regarding the spectrum of the Roentgen rays. The prize in physics for 1917 and 1918 and the prizes for chemistry in 1917 and 1918 have not been awarded. ¶ Sweden has recently lost three of her most famous artists by death. Shortly after the news of John Bauer's death by drowning we learn of the passing of Carl Larsson and then of that of Richard Bergh. The REVIEW will deal with the work of these artists in a later number.

Denmark

¶ Denmark is openly preparing to receive North Slesvig back into the fold. Commissions have been established to deal with the problems of education and of social and labor legislation. At a banquet given for Reichstag Deputy Hanssen Nørremölle in Copenhagen, early in December, Premier Zahle said that it was not enough to hoist the Dannebrog, but Denmark must offer such conditions that the Slesvigers should be happy in their return. The Premier probably had in mind a lowering of the voting age, which at present is higher in Denmark than it was in Slesvig during the old Prussian regime. Arrangements will also be made so that those who were carrying social insurance under the German system shall not suffer loss. Finally, it has been proposed that Denmark shall take over North Slesvig's part of the war debt. ¶ All the speakers at the banquet agreed in endorsing the boundary line drawn up by the North Slesvig Electoral Society and based on nationality. It follows the waterways Flensborg Fjord, Skelbaek, Sønderaa, and Hvidaa except that where Hvidaa makes a turn to the north before running out into the western ocean, the line goes straight west. The disputed city of Flensborg will be left to Germany; for although it belongs economically to the Danish agricultural upland, the population is predominantly German. The city of Tønder will be north of the line. ¶ The suppressed enthusiasm for Slesvig is now being vented in numerous activities such as collecting money for orphaned children, sewing Dannebrog flags, and presenting church bells to the Slesvig churches instead of those that were carted away to be melted down for German cannon. ¶ The law making Iceland an independent state in a federation with Denmark has been passed by the Danish Rigsdag after being passed by the Icelandic Althing. It went into effect on December 1, when the pure Icelandic flag was hoisted in Reykjavik. ¶ An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in Paladstetret in Copenhagen on December 15 to welcome President Wilson to European soil. The meeting was arranged by a number of organizations, the initiative being taken by the Danish Branch of the International Woman's Committee, and speeches were made by men and women of note. The meeting was a spontaneous expression of homage and gratitude to the man whom the Danes regard as the author of the principle of self-determination by which they hope North Slesvig will be returned to them. ¶ Denmark was able to render England a great service by assisting in the homecoming of more than 40,000 British soldiers who had been prisoners in German camps. They were transshipped in Copenhagen and lodged in the barracks originally prepared for German and Russian prisoners of war. ¶ The U-boat warfare cost Denmark 249 ships.

Norway

¶ The resignation of the Gunnar Knudsen cabinet at the opening of the 1919 Storting was the expected result of the Government's defeat at the polls last October. The final returns of the elections gave the Conservatives and Liberals (*frisindede venstre*) 50 seats, Conservatives and Agrarians 3, Radicals 42, Radicals and Agrarians 10, Labor Democrats 4, and Socialists 17. This means that the Conservatives have gained a total of 30 seats, 27 of which were taken from the Radicals. Owing to the disproportionate representation of city and country, the number of seats does not fully represent the extent of the Conservative landslide. Their group is now the strongest among the original voters, counting 242,000 votes; the Socialists have 210,000; the Radicals, even with the Labor Democrats, only 208,000. ¶ It would be wrong to regard this as an indication that liberalism is on the wane in Norway; but it is a reaction against what many regard as the "incessant meddling" of the Government with what ought to be left to private enterprise. Instances are the purchase of the Grong mines, the development of water power by the State, the taking over of the means of production and consumption, the perhaps necessary but nevertheless galling price regulations, the rationing system, and so on. Naturally, it has been easy to charge the Government with inefficiency and disregard of expert advice. Other unpopular Government measures from which the Conservatives have made capital are prohibition and the championing of the *landsmaal*, also the attempt to change the present geographical names to the Old Norse forms, as for instance Bergen to Björgvin, Christiania to Oslo, and so forth. ¶ The Norwegian Legation in Russia, before its members were obliged to leave early in December, was charged with the interests of sixteen nations, represented by six embassies and ten legations. The task was no sinecure under the Bolshevik regime, and the final clash came when the legation was burglarized and property to the value of 9,000,000 rubles besides important state papers belonging to the Swiss legation were stolen. It was thought that the burglary was committed by soldiers; at any rate the authorities did nothing to find the thieves. The members of the Norwegian legation then decided that it was time to use the permission given them by their Government to go home whenever in their judgment it should be necessary. ¶ England is rapidly returning to the Norwegian owners the ships requisitioned during the war, and permission has also been given them to build new shipping in British yards to the amount of 310,000 tons. ¶ The Norwegian Shipowners' Association has decided to use the surplus from the war insurance to establish a fund for the benefit of seafaring men. ¶ The neutrality guard is being demobilized as rapidly as possible.

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Brief Notes

A generous crop of Scandinavian-American Christmas publications has sprung up during the cessation of imports from the other side. Among the new publications, *Jul i Amerika*, issued by a Norwegian company in Brooklyn, is particularly fine typographically. *Julegranen*, published by the Danish Book Concern in Cedar Falls, for some years past a regular annual, was sold out twelve days before Christmas. *God Jul*, edited by Ernst W. Olson of the Augustana Book Concern and now in its second year, reproduces in color paintings by Swedish artists. *Mistellenen*, issued by a Danish house in Omaha, appears this year for the sixth time. Another well established publication is *Jul i Vesterheimen* of Minneapolis, printed partly in Norwegian and partly in English and, as usual, distinguished for its number of clever contributors. Dealing with American conditions, and stimulating local writers, these publications fill a distinct place. We hope they have come to stay.

There are various forms of patriotic service and that of Mr. Edwin O. Holter, a trustee of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, seems to the REVIEW unusually effective. Mr. Holter, as chairman of the committee on arrangements, engineered five of the largest public meetings held in New York during the war. The first of these was an overflow demonstration in favor of war in Madison Square Garden, on March 22, 1917; the second was the Amundsen patriotic rally

in the Century Theatre, on March 17, 1918; the third the celebration of Bastille Day, again in Madison Square Garden, on July 14, 1918; finally, on Britain Day he completed his task of leadership by filling the Hippodrome in the afternoon and the Century Theatre in the evening for *The Play of Freedom*.

The library of the Foundation has recently received from Mr. Andrew M. Joys, of Milwaukee, a bound volume containing all the issues of *Scandinavia*. This magazine, which may be regarded as the real forerunner of the REVIEW, was founded in Chicago, in 1883, by N. C. Frederiksen, a man of high intellectual attainments, but little practical ability. He was professor of economics in the University of Copenhagen and afterwards made several unsuccessful business and journalistic ventures. His greatest achievement was without doubt *Scandinavia*. It was printed in English and contained meaty articles on political and social questions, literary reviews by such men as William Morton Payne and Clemens Petersen, a serial story by Kristoffer Jansen, and numerous translations. Possibly the editors made their appeal too much to what the slang of our day would call the highbrow element, and we note a sad leanness in the advertising department. In 1886 the magazine failed for lack of support. It was a gallant beginning, a fine contribution to American knowledge of the Scandinavian North.

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Henry Goddard Leach has been decorated a Knight of the Order of the Northern Star. This order, which was established in 1748, is a reward for scientific work. It was given to Mr. Leach for the study and interpretation of Sweden in his book *Scandinavia of the Scandinavians* and other writings, as well as for his contribution to the science of internationalism.

The new Department of Scandinavian Studies at the University of London, is now in full operation. Professor W. P. Ker, the Director, is assisted by native lecturers, J. H. Helweg from Copenhagen, I. C. Gröndahl from Christiania, and Im. Björkhagen from Upsala. There are classes in reading, writing, and speaking each of the three languages, and public lectures on literature.

"American Electrification Plans" is the title of an article in *Teknisk Tidskrift* for September 28, by Edy Veland, Fellow of the Foundation for 1917-18. The author takes up some of the most important features of war-time electrical development in this country and discusses their applicability to Swedish conditions, emphasizing especially the importance for rural electrification of the small automatic plant.

In a recent issue of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, C. S. Peterson discusses the possible return of the Åland Islands to Sweden in conformity with the wish of the inhabitants. Mr. Peterson declares that Sweden desires nothing but the removal of a perpetual menace. He points out that the little group of rocky islands is of no value to any one except a power desiring to intimidate Sweden. From the fortifications erected there by the Russians, ordinary naval guns could reduce Stockholm to ruins in a very short time.

Mr. John Aspegren, Chairman of the John Ericsson Memorial Committee, has contributed a fund of \$1,000 to be distributed among Swedish-American sculptors invited to submit sketches for the proposed memorial to John Ericsson.

The members of the American-Scandinavian Society of New York listened to a most instructive lecture by Vilhjálmur Stefánsson on the evening of January 28th. Mr. Stefánsson described how he was able to travel hundreds of miles with no provisions excepting a rifle, and how he was able to live in comfort in snow-huts

constructed by the party. He prophesied a commercial future for the musk-ox, which he described as a cross between the sheep and the cow, providing at the same time excellent wool, beef, and milk. The musk-ox can graze and multiply upon the great untenanted marshes of the Arctic.

A friend of Slesvig has sent us a copy of *Graensevægen*, a magazine edited by Vilh. la Cour and published in the interests of the Danes in South Jutland. It is significant as showing the moral support which Danes in the kingdom have given their kinsmen south of the line, even when Denmark was officially neutral.

Edvard Skille, a Norwegian of Drummond, Wisconsin, contributes one more to the various plans for bettering our calendar. His system is metrical, dividing the year into ten months of alternately 36 and 37 days, the names being Latin numerals. The week is only five days, a feature which will conflict with religious tradition, but which the author thinks will appeal to the modern craving for more frequent days of rest. He explains his system in a little book printed by the Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis.

An invitation was recently extended by the University of Uppsala to Rev. Charles S. Macfarland to give a course of lectures in the Olaus Petri Foundation, on the subject, "The American Churches and Christian Unity." Dr. Macfarland, who is the General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, hopes to be able to accept the invitation in the near future.

Another manifestation of the growing friendship between Sweden and America is the recent invitation extended to Otto Folin, Professor of Biological Chemistry at Harvard Medical School, to become Professor of Physiological Chemistry at the University of Lund.

The Bethel Ship Seaman's Home in Brooklyn was visited in 1918 by approximately 160,000 seamen, of whom about 98% were of Scandinavian birth.

The highest price ever paid for a Danish painting is 81,500 kroner given by Mr. Theodor Jensen for Zahrtmann's *The Mystic Wedding of the Bishop and the Abbess of Pistoja*. It was purchased in Copenhagen at the auction of the art collection belonging to the late Eduard Rée.

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Beautiful color plates for this issue are already on their way from Sweden.

A friend of the REVIEW has offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best Christmas story dealing with Americans of Scandinavian descent.

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